From Blackwood's Magazine THOUGHTS AND SENTIMENTS. FROM J. P. RICHTER.

"No man ought to be privileged to laugh at mankind, but he who right heartily loves them."

The Earth .- The earth is the cul de sac of inverted and diminished images from a more beautiful world-the cloudy halo round a better sun—the numerator of an unknown denominator. Verily, it is almost an absolute nothing.

Wise men-Gecks .- A wise man holds his tongue a hundred times before a fool, because he requires three-and-twenty sheets to set forth his opinion. A geck needs only a line or two; his opinions are new islands that rise out of the sea and have no connection with any earthly thing, save vanity.

Coldness and Coolness .- Not coldness, but cooling down, is the true wisdom; and our inward man, like a glowing metal cast in its form, should be allowed to cool only by degrees, that it may form itself into a more smooth and perfect shape; for no other reason has Nature cast our souls in hot bodies, even as the forms of metal are heated before the cast is made.

The Court Atmosphere .- I hate the Simoon wind of a Court, which passes innocuous over those who lie on the ground, but dries those to powder who stand upright.

Life .- Man has two minutes and a half to live-one to smile-one to sigh-and a half to love-for in the middle of this minute he dies.

But the grave is not deep-it is the shining tread of an angel that seeks us. When the unknown hand throws the last fatal dart at the head of man-then boweth he his head, and the dart only lifts the crown of thorns from his wounds.

Sympathy.—Two noble souls discover their relationship first by the like love that they bear

Two Friends .- Mute moved around them the vortices of love, and drew them nearer. They stretched out their arms to one another, and sank voiceless together, and betwixt the brothered souls lay nothing but two mortal bodies. Overwhelmed by the flood-tide of love and joy, for a minute their drunken eyes were closedwhen they looked up again, the solemn Night, with his sums sunk in the eternal depths, stood before them-the milky way, like the ring of Eternity, clasped the immeasurable space, the sharp sickle of the earthly moon came with a gentle cut upon the short days and joys of humanity.

But there was something there yet more high than the suns, yet more solid than the ring of ces; or, if they have written books, they are geneeternity, and yet more bright than the sickle of rally bad ones; so that they can know at once the moon—and that was the undying friendship from experience what a bad book is when it comes of two souls in two frail frames of dust.

Memory.-The distance of memory alone can change the drops of time through which we swim into the rainbow of enjoyment.

Memory-Hope.-Two perspective painters lead us, poor bewitched mortals, through the the Moldau, and was drowned. whole theatre of life, and these are memory and hope.

Rule of Study.-Never write on a subject without having first read yourself full on it, and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it.

Existence of God .- To prove the existence of a God, only two things are necessary—two men, of whom one may be dead, that the other may the more leisurely study and peruse him.

Poetry and Philosophy .- From the Stora and the Portico of thought we must have a view into the Epicurean Gardens of poetry.

True Greatness .- Be great to despise the

earth-be greater to honor it.

into the ether, and being able to call it back again to earth, whenever it is necessary. Music.-Holy music reveals to the souls of

men a past which they never have known, and but, if you take away the streams a futurity, which in this life at least, they never take away the wells with them. Reviewers .- The reviewers are a set of mise-

science without either arms or legs. As Minerva with her magic wand changed Ulysses, so they, though he often speaks it. with their critical baton, would fain change all authors into beggars like themselves.

Poetry .- Poetry is like a pair of skates which run flatly over the smooth crystal of the ideal, but worse than a pair of Dutchman's shoes on the rough highway of life.

The Beggar's Heaven .- There is one heaven which is open to all, even to the meanest beggarthe Heaven of the Toilette-for by some chance a glittering rag is wafted to him with which he patches up his most needful rents; and with this he struts, regenerated, before his brother beggars, and offers himself, self-complacent, to their silent admiration.

The Poetical Character .- Poetry forms its professors to no definite human character. Like horses trained to play tricks, they can put themselves into all sorts of strange and surprising postures-but they are generally useless on the

Money .- No man needs money so much he who despises it.

The Theologians .- Mere theologians are the eatest and narrowest of all egotists; they make God the frere servant of their petty parish, and imagine that eclipses of the sun are sent only to shade and cool them on their way to the church,

Greek Literature.-The Greek literature is like the shafts of a mine, always warmer the deeper we penetrate, though it be cold on the surface; at your own improvement. most modern poems have heat only on the outside.

My Church .- My church is my mother; and no proof, however strong, that there are better mothers than she, can tear me away from her

How to value others .- It is a common errorof which a wise man will beware—to measure the worth of our neighbor by his conduct towards ourselves. How many rich souls might we not re-joice in the knowledge of, were it not for our gusted!

pride!

Belief in a Future Life.—Taking men in the mass, and regarding more their habitual feelings than their mere outward professions, I find much fewer than we should at first imagine, who either with firm faith believe, or with bold scepticism deny a future life. There are few who venture of a regiment of Cuirassiers.

Insurance will be made for one year, or any period the healthy exercise of the spinning wheel?

NOTICE—J. PERKINS, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to mental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to ment

and hope. There are few who are bold enough habitually to believe it; for they have no eyes to look upon their own transfiguration, and the di-minished earth turns pale for fear. But most men seem to me to be moved by the impulse of the great city of God-the camera obscura, full alternating feelings, in the mid-space betwixt the two opinions.

As we paint devils more easily than gods-Furies more easily than the Venus Urania-hell more easily than heaven-so also we believe in those more readily than in these; in the greatest misery more readily than in the greatest bliss. How, indeed, should our souls, inured to disappointments and chains, look without occasional doubting on a Utopia on which our vulgar earth is to go wreck?

Immortality.-Man were upon earth vanity and ashes, and smoke, did he not feel that he was so. O God! this feeling is our immortality!

Conversion .- Who shall explain to me the nystery of our inborn sympathies and desires? We are not made good (though we are made better) tracted. because we are converted; but we are converted because we are good.

The Moral Law .- Pure reason, with all its triumphs, cannot make men good. It is only the outstretched wooden arm that directs us upon the road of virtue; but this arm can neither carry us thither, nor give to us wherewithal we may car ry ourselves. Reason has the legislative not the executive power. The power to love the commands which reason gives forth, is a second conscience beside the first. As Immanuel Kant cannot set down in ink what it is that makes men bad; so, on the other hand, neither can that be described which sustains them above the slough of moral pollution, or lifts them out of it.

Measure Of Character .- All men are better than their ebullitions of evil-but they are also worse than their outbursts of noble enthusiasm.

Our Passions .- We are all like Adam in the epic poem; we look upon our first night as the crack of doom, and the first setting of our sun, as the setting of the sun of the world. We bewail our friends as if there were no better futurity yonder, and bewail ourselves as if there were no better futurity here: for all our passions are born Atheists and Infidels.

Talkativeness .- It is a common remark that those men talk most who think least; just as frogs cease their quacking when a person brings light to the water side.

Reviewers .- The Reviewers are seldom men who have written any books themselves, and in this way they have the more time to read books written by other people, and to take them to piein their way. Many of them have become the patron-saints of authors and their books, for the same reason that Saint Nepomuk is the patron saint of bridges, and of those who go upon thembecause, on one occasion, happening to go halfdrunk along the bridge at Prague, he fell into

the few that are?

Rule of Life.—Man should carry life like a that which we make to ourselves; we must be ca-

Innate Ideas .- There is an inward world suslike a warm sun. I mean the inward universe of virtue, beauty, and truth, three inward heavens and worlds which are neither parts nor copies of, istence of these three transcendental heavensglobes, only because they continually float before us, and because we foolishly ween that we create them, whereas we only know them. After what lieved that great revolutions will be accomplished return the compliment, when he offered-

of the inward man: a discontented God were a contradiction, and salvation is an eternity older than damnation. Try for a single day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind-be but for one day, instead of a fireworshipper of passion and hell, the sun-worshipper of clear self-possession-and compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction, with that on which you have allowed it to grow up-and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate-truly you will wonder

Scholarship .- What shall we say of our great classical scholars and philologists? Are they notmany of them at least-engaged in the soulles occupation of unrolling the mummy-bandage of the ancient graces? If we cannot see the graces except in the guise of a mangled mummy, twere better not to see them at all.

Life.-Life is an opium; it excites us a little at first, and then leaves us sleepy, weary, and dis-

absolutely to deny it—for this would at once take away, as it were, the pivot on which the present life moves, and deprive it of all unity, completeness, this we see the highest beauty, and the highest were invited to visit Mr. Catlin's Indian Gallery, bliss; but it is not open.

into the company of those who speak little; but if you wish to learn silence, court the society of those who are eternally prattling.

A Friend .- A friend is to a friend sun, and sun-flower at once; he attracts, and he is at-

> From the Knickerbocker. THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

Daughter of Earth! ye wander hand in hand
On your unpathed, immeasurable way,
Together mingling with the starry band,
Chanting to cherubim their measured lay:
Thy sleep is on her bosom. Where expand
Her silent vales and deep blue waves at play;
Gently they slow beneath thy radiance mild. Gently they glow beneath thy radiance mild As joys the mother in her young-eyed child.

Nations have worshipped thee. By the dark Nile Have maidens wreathed thy lilies in their hair, While from thy temple on the Memphian isle, Music and fragrance gushed upon the air.

Adoring Persians, by their mountain pile, Have watched thy story maintain in the story maintain in the story maintain in the story maintain the story maint Have watched thy slow majestic rising there; The war-roused Moslem mid his steel-clad might, Lifts high thy crescent form, and hails the fight.

Queen of the weird and witching hour! thy beam Calls the light fairies from their mossy rest; Titania and her train by some wild stream, Dancing upon the green sward's spotted vest; Some troop away to gladden with a dream The fevered artisan, with toil opprest; Spirits unshrived, to troubled sleep consigned, Rise in their sheeted robes and haunt the wine

At this thy banquet eve, the revelling sea Moves in her festal robe of white arrayed, While silken leaves on many a wind-swept tree, Glitter with ever-varying light and shade.

The riven oak now silvered o'er by thee, Stoops with a grace amid the darkling glade:

And the boar ruin mouldered wide with time, Tells a long legend of its olden prime.

The fond heart stirred with thy mysterious spell, Yields to affections beautiful and rare; The maiden lingers in the shady dell, The mother listens to her infant's prayer The mother fisters to be made a soldier, musing, hears the village bell,
In the deep breathing of the fitful air;
While the young seaman in the splashing foam,
Hails welcoming voices at his father's home. Trenton, (N. J.) 1836.

SONNET.

Stoicism.—No stoicism is worth any thing but that which we make to ourselves; we must be capable of passion in order to be capable of commanding it. The overflowings of the will are like the overflowings of the streams which for a time trouble all the wells in the neighborhood; but, if you take away the streams altogether, you take away the wells with them.

Superstition.—All the systems of heretics and Superstition.—All the systems of heretics and some truth in them, just as the send of the world has been incessantly and the streams altogethers. Since the death of Jesus Christ, the end of the world has been incessantly and the streams altogethers, we are some truth in them, just as the send of the world has been incessantly and the streams altogethers. Since the death of Jesus Christ, the end of the world has been incessantly and the streams altogethers. Since the death of Jesus Christ, the end of the world has been incessantly and the streams altogethers. Since the death of Jesus Christ, the end of the world has been incessantly and the streams altogethers. Since the death of Jesus Christ, the end of the world has been incessantly and the streams altogethers. Since the death of Jesus Christ, the end of the world has been incessantly and the streams altogethers. Since the death of Jesus Christ, the stream of the world has been incessantly and the stream of the world has been incessantly and the stream of the world has been incessantly and the stream of the world has been incessantly and the stream of the world has been incessantly and the stream of the world has been incessantly and the stream of the world has been incessantly and the stream of the world has been incessantly and the stream of the world has been incessantly and the stream of the world has been incessantly and the stream of the world has been incessantly and the stream of the world has been incessantly and the stream of the world has been incessantly and the stream of the world has been incessantly and the stream of the world has been incessantl Reviewers.—The reviewers are a set of miserable gourd-painters—they are the statues of the god Terminus that stand upon the marches of the science without either arms or less.—All the systems of heretics and idle conjectures. Since the death of Jesus Christ, the end of the world has been incessantly announced. St. Cyprian, who lived in the third thus: "The dangerous time of anthichrist approaches, when we shall behold the end of the world." This error, so common among the first pended within our hearts, which breaks forth Christians, was dissipated by the Millenians, who through the cloudy mantle of the corporeal world believe that Christ is to come and reign over the saints for one thousand years.

The ancient philosophers have disputed upor nor emanations from, the external world. We the earth and the stars have finished their course the end of the world. They believed that when are not lost in admiration at the unexplained exreturn to the points in the heavens where God alive." created them.

pattern, by means of what plastic nature could in 7777 hunar years. Some give 9977 years—we inoculate into our minds a spiritual world, Heraelitus 18,000 years—Plutarch and Dion which is one and the same in all and each of us? 19,804 years. Astronomers, who measure the Cheerfulness.—Cheerfulness, which is a quali-duration of the world by the revolution of the y peculiar to man—a brute being capable only of firmament, give 26,000 years. With Tieho Braenjoyment—opens like Spring, all the blossoms he, 40,000 years.

Boston Ladies eighty years ago .- We find in the American Annals, an account of the anniversary of a Society for Encouraging Industry, held in 1753, on which occasion Boston Common presented a novel sight. "In the afternoon, about 300 young female spinsters, decently dressed, appeared on the common at their spinning wheels. The wheels were placed regularly in three rows, and a female was seated at each wheel. The weavers also appeared cleanly dressed, in garments of their own weaving. One of them, working at a loom on a stage, was carried on men's shoulders, attended with music. An immense number of spectators were present at this mense number of spectators were present at this interesting spectacle. The Rev. Dr. Cooper come and designate their Umbrellas. Sept. 23—3m preached a discourse, and a collection was made for the benefit of the institution.'

Ladies of Boston whirling three hundred spinning wheels! These were afterwards the matrons who refused British tea-and who never saw a piano. Wonder if a thousand delicate ladies could this office.

on Saturday morning last, at nine o'clock, where we were to see his extensive collection of Indian Portraits, Landscapes, and Indian curiosities, are ranged upon the walls in the splendid all of the Stuyvesant Institute, and where also were to be criving light, the progress of civilization and literary needition of wine than one: on the south side something little better than vinegar.

The Dutch Nation.—The Dutch are a cheaper edition of the Germans, on unsized paper, and without copperplates.

How to be Silent.—If you wish to speak go into the company of those who speak little; but if Mr. C., for a while pointing out and explaining out and explaining with the seal of a people's favorable judgment has been most splendid hall of the Stuyvesant Institute, and which as load the spling the progress of civilization and literary refinement among its inhabitants; while Lagland, especially, proudly displays to the world a corpus poetarus, the lustre of whose immortal wreath has shed a brighter can loast its collected body of national poetry, on which the seal of a people's favorable judgment has been most splendid hall of the Stuyvesant Institute, and where also were to be created and which exhibits to foreign nations, in the most splendid the Stuyvesant Institute, and where also were to be can loast its collected body of national poetry, on which can loast its collected body of national poetry, on the can loast its collected body of national poetry, on which can loast its collected body of national poetry, on the can loast its collected body of national poetry, on the can loast its collected body of national poetry, on the can loast its collected body of national poetry, on the can loast its collected body of national poetry, on the can loast its collected body of national poetry, on the can loast its collected body of national poetry, on the ranged upon the walls in the splendid hall of the Stuyves at the same time the delegation of Paw-nee Chiefs in propies of invitial poetry, on the ranged upon the walls in the spl on Saturday morning last, at nine o'clock, where tiful style. In the midst of the assemblage, was

(about thirty in all) and seated themselves around its sides, upon the floor, according to the custom of the country. The pipe and the otter sack were handed into them—the pipe was charged and lit, its fumes were passing in streams through their nostrils—it was passed around, and, when in full operation, Mr. C. directed the sides of the Lodge to be rolled up, which exposed the group to the full and fair view of the spectators—the numerous and lovely groupe of ladies who were present, seemed delighted with joy and the gratification of such a sight. It was a moment of pleasure for every one who was present, which they never can forget;—there was a fitness, a reality, that lacked nothing. The Indians themselves, some of the finest specimens of the wildness and rudeness of Nature's works, seated under a Lodge of their country—of their own make—with their own interpreters and agents with them as they are seen at home—the pipes and Kinnekenick purint to their hands, also brought from their own region—the buffalo robes upon which they sat likewise familiar to them, and every inch of the landscapes of their country or the costumes and weapons of their own construction. All these eigenmantance almost appears are liked and friends.

With the names of those poets who, within the last few the country. He was a literative were existed the custom, which the protein full and fair view of them, and the other hands and the protein full and fair view of the station of exploring it, and add undying lustre to the crown which recise the brow of American genius. In the publicar ion on which they have long been consigned, and extensive, which will amply repuy the labor of exploring it, and add undying lustre to the crown which they have long been consigned, and extensive, which will amply repuy the labor of exploring it, and add undying lustre to the crown which they have long been consigned, and extensive, which will amply repuy the before the remaining the support of the citizens of the numberless 'gens of pure repay.' With which o He who has frayelled through some weary day.

And reached at summer set a green hill-side.

Whence he can see, now welled in welled its welled through some weary day.

And reached at summer set a green hill-side.

Whence he can see, now welled in welled its welled through some weary day.

The dreaty path through which he lately hied, while o're his onward could the setting path through which he lately hied, while o're his onward could the setting of the individual of the portraits of their friends or enemies, with the landscapes of their country or the costumes and weapons of their own construction. All these or incremstances together, filled every visiter with he landscapes of their own construction. All these or incremstances together, filled every visiter with he leads the portraits of their friends or enemies, with the landscapes of their country or the costumes and weapons of their own construction. All these or incremstances together, filled every visiter with he landscapes of their country or the costumes and weapons of their own construction. All these or incremstances together, filled every visiter with he landscapes of their country or the costumes and weapons of their own construction. All these or incremstances together, filled every visiter with he landscapes of their country or the costumes and weapons of their own construction. All these or incremstances together, filled every visiter with he landscapes of their country or the costumes and weapons of their own construction. All these or incremstances together, filled every visiter with he landscapes of their country or the costumes and weapons of their own construction. All these or the surface of their own construction. All themselves weapons of their own construction. All themselves are set of the filled very visiter with he landscapes of their country or the costumes and weapons of their own construction. All themselves weapons of their own construction. All themselves are set of the filled very visiter with he landscapes of their country or t

friend of ours. During the last war with England,

THE AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY;

A Magazine of Poetry, Biography, and Criticism, to be published Monthly, with splendid illustrations on steel. WHILE nearly every other country of the old world can boast its collected body of national poetry, on which the seal of a people's favorable judgment has been set, and which exhibits to foreign nations, in the most

Crow tribe, of twenty-five feet in height, brought from the Rocky Mountains, and erected in beautiful efficiency and the Rocky Mountains, and erected in beautiful efficiency and the Rocky Rocky and the Rocky Rock

THE NEW YORK Life Insurance and Trust

streminded of a story, very well told, by a military is reminded of a story, very well told, by a military of the property of the Northern Army was sent with a flag of truce to the nearest British opost, and while there was invited to dine with the officers of the regiment. After the wine had circulated freely, a young British officer requested permission to propose a toast, which the Colonel granted, and he forthwith gave—

"The President of the United States, dead or all the was broken by the American's request to return the company drank their wine in silence, which was broken by the American's request to return the compliment, when he offered—

"The Prince Regent, drunk or sober!"

The British cockerel was inclined to quarrel, but received a severe reproof from his Colonel for having offered the first toast, and the young American was treated with marked politeness during his visit.—Brussuciek (Ga.) Advertiser.

SAMUEL DE VAUGHAN, CUPPER, LEECHER, AND BLEEDER, HAS on hand, and will constantly keep a large supply all hours at his residence the checks. He can be found all hours at his residence free the succession of the sound and supplementation of the should state the shoul